

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

NAMES OF LOCAL PLACES AND THEIR DERIVATIONS

In ancient maps of yore, I find delight, Names of local places, a linguistic flight. They tell tales of origins, histories unknown, Etymological treasures, now to be shown.

Thorsdean Valley, where a stream does flow, Named "Don," from Aryan tongues it does glow. Derived from Sanskrit, a word for water pure, Don, the river's name, an enduring allure.

Armstrong speaks of Gaelic, a language of old, Don, they say, meant water, as legends unfold. Armorican echoes in Brittany's embrace, Retaining the word, a linguistic chase.

The Don in Yorkshire, the Dean close by, The Dun in Lincolnshire, rivers standing high. Throughout Britain, these names do persist, Water's legacy, by ancient tongues kissed.

In Extwistle, a place with tales to tell, "Rogerham," a name that history compels. Roger, the feudal lord, with his noble might, Hamlet, a humble home, in his rightful sight.

Hell Scarr, a rugged wall, a sight to behold, From Saxon "Heil," holy, a story yet untold. Scarr, a rock in Danish, nature's grand decree, "Holy Rock" it proclaims, from hill to sea.

Hell Clough, a defile, branching out with pride, From the same source, its meaning does abide. "Holy Clough," it whispers, through ages gone, A sacred place, where nature's hymns are sung.

Extwistle, an enclosure, where oaks did grow, "Ac" in Saxon, "twistle" the Danes did bestow. Oaks' embrace, a sanctuary profound, A woodland haven, where peace is found.

Swindean, Sweyn's valley, a Danish trace, Owner's name revered, in history's embrace. "

Sweyndean" it echoes, through time and space, A testament to heritage, with dignity and grace. Runclehurst, a place where density resides, From Saxon "Ronk," where growth confides. Hurst, a wood so thick, in Anglo-Saxon tongue, A verdant realm, where nature's chorus is sung.

Monk Hall, a dwelling for Kirkstall's monks fair, Ownership proclaimed, a heritage to share.

Their presence lingers, within its sturdy walls, A testament to faith, where devotion entralls.

"The Hagg," a place encircled, fenced and true, From Saxon "Hagga," a haven to pursue. Within its bounds, secrets lie in wait, A sheltered realm, where mysteries abate.

Netherwood, a woodland low and serene, Saxon "Nedr," Dutch "Neder," a tranquil scene.

Lowerwood it beckons, with whispers of calm, Where nature's embrace extends a healing balm.

Law Carr, a hill adorned with iron's hue, Saxon "Hlaw," a summit that comes in view. Carr, a stream with red oxide's stain, A tribute to nature, in East-Lancashire's domain.

These ancient records, musty and old, Unveil the tides of migration, stories untold. Gaelic, Cymric, Roman, Saxon's reign, Danish and Norman, their linguistic refrain.

Names of local places, echoes of the past, Embedded in landscapes, memories that last. They speak of heritage, in language's embrace, Connecting us to the tapestry of human grace.

By Donald Jay